

his ears and face in tatters. Thus clad in rags, almost barefooted, have I seen this poor debased k of what was once a tall, well-formed, immortal wading through the mud in spring and fall, and high the cold, drifting snows of winter, going five to get a quart or a pint of rum. I knew this creature for eight years before he died; and an argument has he furnished me in pleading cause of temperance, and never have I prayed earnestly for the success of this cause than I have seen him walking along with feeble, tottering steps, or lying in the ditch, headless of drifting snows and pelting storms. When the temperance began, and men began to plead for cold water, poor, haggard wretch, catching the tone and cant more gleefully than drunkards and wine-bibbers, and the cold water folks as a puny, dough-faced, spiritless, lily-livered race.

was his great delight to get into distilleries, grog shops, and taverns, and with the makers and vendors, drinkers of rum, to laugh at cold water and cold men. Heedless of the fact that stared him everywhere in the face, that is, that all intoxicating clothes a man in rags, enfolds his muscular system, and deranges and paralyzes all the faculties of soul; while cold water clears, invigorates, and enlivens the mind, braces up and increases the bodily vigors, gives to man an erect, fair, and manly form, throws an atmosphere of smiling joy and bliss all around him; he went on pouring down, with his pot panions, his rum, beer, cider, or any thing else which would make the drunkard come, and ridiculing water, and cold water societies. But a day of retribution was at hand. Cold water was to exert to the drunkard a glorious testimony in his favor; and the water mocker and despiser about to confess, before God and the world, that pure, sweet beverage of heaven was not to be recked with impunity. Within twelve months past has gone down to the drunkard's grave and a hard's eternity. As he drew near the closing scene, he seemed to himself to be floating in liquid His blood and brains seemed on fire. He did not believe that he was not plunged into of fire, and breathing in an atmosphere of fire. He time his cry would be "fire, fire," with horrid screams and writhing, agonizing features, and then cry "water, water! O for some cold water." He was sunk into the drunkard's grave—consumed orally burnt up by the fire kindled in his blood.

His last words, his dying cry, was "WATER!"

IMMEDIATE REPATRIATION.—A soldier of Marshal Saxe's being discovered in a theft, was condemned to hang. What he had stolen might be worth five shillings. The Marshal, meeting him as he was led to execution, said to him, "what a miserable fool you are to risk your life for five shillings!" "General," said the soldier, "I have risked it every day for penance." This reprieve saved his life.

SKETCH OF GERMAN STUDENTS.—In air of defiance, an exulting step, an intrepid air, are the marks and tokens of a German student. This audacious bearing is strengthened and off by the open collar, short frock (generally of blue or green, and of Robin Hood's own cut), small queue, the point pressing flatly on the forehead, hair cropped like Giottu's or Cimabue's apostles, tinge or bristling at each side of the face. These quartered liberties, for such they are during their collegiate life, run a course of unbridled riot, master the quieter classes of society by their force and number: to be formidable seems their point of honor; they sustain it fiercely. Many of these swags are certainly of an age to have long since finished their studies, and others curl their angry muscled as if they had already snuff powder, and were for treason, stratagems, or strife. Indeed, their moral appearance is more that of lawless desperadoes, robbers, of the cave and forest, than of dwellers in the quiet groves of Academics; and yet these same students, when absent from their universities, appear persons of peaceful and respectable habits, earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, and often battling bravely for its attainment in the very teeth of envy and its concomitant disadvantages.

The fearless, lawless air of a German student looks a man who dreams of equality of station and limited license, and who will bluster about his rights and expectancies boldly and fiercely, at least in the hey-day of youth lasts. His mind is like dress, manly and fanciful, but the black-crowned student of the *pays latin* shows in his thoughtful eye, abstracted yet ardent look, the spirit that never sleeps, the absorbing hope which clings to the heart, and never loses sight of the indemnity-moment. Perhaps the cause of an observation frequently made, that a German youth, on quitting college, soon forgets the day-dream of liberty, the rejected efforts of patriotism which have amused his youth, and quietly settles into the peaceful subject some petty private, while a Frenchman who has been taken a political bias, rarely sobers down into a pliant and contented citizen of a government in accord to his early opinions and feelings, may be traced the different positions of their respective countries.

One, a member of a vast empire divided into by states, more or less powerful, can never hope to the different portions of his variously ruled community of government, while from the still and unparalyzed state of France, every Frenchman looks to a central point, from which a constitution, inspired the love of liberty, and matured by wisdom,—a constitution, affording equal protection and equal advantages to all, may emanate.

WESLEYAN HARP.

THE Second Edition of this valuable Compilation is published and one thousand copies already sold. It may be had in any quantity of the Publisher, or of D. H. ELA, at No. Washington street, and at the Bookstores.

April 1.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 not paid at the close of the year.
2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.
3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.
4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., post paid, and not at the close of the year.
5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters of interest, should be accompanied with the names of the writers.
We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are sent, in such a manner that there can be no misapprehension.

ZION'S



HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. VI. No. 15.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1835.

Whole No. 289.

ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.

ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

To the Preachers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the New England and New Hampshire Conferences:—

DEAR BRETHREN—We feel it our duty to say a few words to you, in the spirit of love, and of meekness, and of a sound mind. These are the dispositions which we always desire to feel when either speaking of ourselves or of others. And we beg of you to believe us when we say, that we feel no unkindness towards any whose remarks you may have seen concerning us, in this paper or in any other. We know that we do love and respect those who differ from us in opinion, and by the help of the good Lord, we are determined never to love them any the less, when they speak of us in a way which we think does us and the cause of God manifest injury, as we fear has been done, in some remarks which we now feel it our duty to notice; and we leave it for you to say, whether we are not called upon to do so, in this way, when you shall have read and candidly considered the statements and remarks which follow.

We proceed to observe, then,
1. That we, in our associate capacity, have never addressed the public on the subject of Slavery, and with one or two exceptions, we have never done this as individuals, till we were, a few weeks since, compelled to say a few words in self-defence, in the 285th No. of this paper. The "Appeal" which has been mentioned and referred to a number of times in the Herald, was never, properly speaking, published at all; it was printed, and sent to our brethren in the ministry in the New England and New Hampshire Conferences, (and, we believe, to the Maine Conference also,) as a private concern between them and ourselves alone. Now, admitting for argument's sake, that there had been any thing exceptionable in that "Appeal," we respectfully put it to you to say, who has done the most to stir up an excitement about it, we, or those who have written in the Christian Advocate and Zion's Herald, and published their censures, not only to a few brethren in the ministry whom we addressed, and who alone had read the "Appeal" upon which they remark, but also to the hundreds of thousands of our own church members, and to the whole world at large?

2. It is with reluctance that we now feel ourselves compelled, by a rule of duty to you, dear brethren, as well as to the public who have read what has been repeated against us in this paper, as well as in the Christian Advocate and Journal, to lay before you some of the reasons which led us to write the "Appeal," against which so much has been said; and in doing this, you will perceive also some of the reasons which now induce us to attempt, in this way, for the first time, to disabuse your minds of the injury which we most solemnly believe has been done us and the cause of God, by the remarks which have appeared from time to time in the papers above named, concerning us and the course we have felt it our duty to pursue. We now ask you to read the following language, which we extract from the Christian Advocate and Journal, and which has appeared in that paper in the course of less than one year past; and we wish you to remember, while looking it over, that we never have, during the whole of this time, been permitted to say ONE SINGLE WORD IN OUR OWN DEFENCE, in that paper, though we have requested the privilege, both verbally and publicly; but from first to last, this privilege has PEREMPTORILY been denied us, as in the 412th No. of this paper the editors say:—

"WHATSOEVER ERRORS our correspondent [whose language is quoted below] may have committed, or HOWEVER MUCH the Colonization Society may have failed to accomplish its objects, the doctrine of the Abolitionists CANNOT FIND AN ADVOCATE NOR AN APOLOGIST IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR JOURNAL."

That is, they shall not have, and they have not had, the privilege of repelling such charges as the following:—the papers, in which these passages are found, are numbered at the end of each paragraph.

"The Report, as well as the address, [at the meeting of the Am. An. Slavery Society.] WERE FALSE AND MALICIOUS"—the Abolitionists are guilty of "MONSTROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT ABSURDITIES."—403.

They are set down as "Injudicious, anti-republican, jacobinical, speculative, hot-headed, furious, and frenzied, abolitionists."—407.

Dr. Capers gives us the following designation:—

"Vaporizing zealots, of a speculative and false philosophy—who would not, and who could not, be trusted by any body, pious or profane, for any good thing, make what professions they might;" and he further declares, that some of us have "preached such ranting, fanatic, incendiary sermons, [in favor of the Colonization Society] that 'if I,' says he, 'could myself have been the author and distributor of them, and had been to suffer DEATH for it, I might not have called the punishment a persecution.'"—411.

"Abolitionists are no friends to the slaves;"—"their measures are INCONSIDERATE—they have made IMPOLITIC and IRRATIONAL attempts to BREAK UP THE EXISTING RELATIONS OF SOCIETY, and their speeches and sentiments must, sooner or later, inundate the country with the wild uproar of the bitter notes of contention and strife, if not even of the DESTRUCTION OF LIFE, and their conduct is HIGHLY EXCEPTIONABLE."—412.

The above, dear brethren, are among the charges which have been preferred against us in the columns of the Christian Advocate and Journal; and during the time of their publication, some of us remonstrated with the editors personally in private, and urged them not to assail us in this way without giving us the privilege of saying one word in self-defence; and some of us wrote to them to the same effect, but all to no purpose; and thus we have been compelled to submit in silence and have these charges, as unjust and

illiberal as we have believed them to be all the while, circulated far and wide through the world against us. Dear brethren, look at the above language, dissect it for yourselves, and say who have manifested the most "excitement" we, or those who have expressed themselves in this way? And observe, as we have before stated, that these charges were preferred against us long before either of us ever wrote one article against slavery, or in favor of abolition.

3. Another cause for our writing the Appeal, was the closing of the columns of the Herald against the admission of all articles on the subject of slavery. The Appeal was not prepared for the Herald, (as was intimated in the reply of the editor to one of his correspondents not long since;) it was written, and sent for publication to another paper, but a person connected with the Herald, requested or suggested the propriety of having it published in an extra of that paper, and we consented. We shall not enter into a defence of the sentiments of Wesley, Clarke, Watson, and the doings of the Wesleyan Conference, contained in that paper, here; but we do appeal to you to say, whether it is the best way to prevent, under excitement upon this or any other subject, for those who wish, as they tell us, to prevent it, to fill the columns of this paper with imputations and charges against the abolitionists, and against us in particular, still more severe, if possible, than any we have quoted above? And not only so, but to ground them upon a private document, as it were, one which has not been published to the world, but which was designed for, and sent to a few of our brethren in the ministry, and them alone? If any of our good brethren think that we have erred, in a communication which we have made to them, and to them alone, and they wish to prevent "excitement," why do they PROCLAIM it, and CENSURE us before the whole world? Why do we have two and three columns of the Herald filled at a time with these proclamations, and from those to whom we have always rejoiced to look up to for example and counsel upon all difficult and perplexing subjects? If it is the wish of such, (and we doubt not it is,) to prevent all undue excitement upon the subject of abolition, or to allay that which they think is already excited, why do they refer, with such severity of language, thus publicly to a document which the public never saw, to prove "that the very spirit of abolitionism is EXCERATED BY A RECKLESS CENSORIOUSNESS, as foreign, from the philanthropy it professes, as its opposite extreme?" Why are we told, in connection with such an unpleasant insinuation against us, that "the tender mercies of such abolitionists are cruel?" Now, we do not say that all the charges contained in the two long articles recently published in this paper, in which we are so definitely noticed, were meant for us in particular, nor are we excepted from them; hence, as abolitionists, we must share our part in the censure contained in the following language:—

"Is it worse to caricature a black man's flesh, than it is to brand a white man's character? Your theoretical benevolence vapors much, and often lashes itself up into a paroxysm of feeling, full of sound and fury signifying nothing. Already they have aroused all the jealousies, and by their denunciations provoked all the excitable feelings of the South. It is MORAL QUACKERY at such times to administer stimulants, or apply caustics to the social system. What then shall we say of those who are still GORING the SIDES of PUBLIC FEELING with the spur of excitement? Who are LACERATING and EXCITING public sympathy more incessantly, and with more RECKLESSNESS than the cruel slave-driver lacerates his writhing victim, even according to their own EXAGGERATED account of it? They are GOADING into high-rough feeling all the sentient principles of the human mind. Lecturers go about our streets with cow-hides in their hands; tens of thousands of dollars are contributed to rouse public sentiment, by agents, tracts, periodicals, and books. Even a P. E. can peddle out these RAW HEAD and BLOODY-BONES books all around his district; and at his own expense, I am told, sends out weekly one hundred copies of the most EXCITING and UNREASONABLE periodical published by the abolitionists of the present day, to stir up among as many ministers the same EXCLUSIVE, CENSORIOUS, and FERVID spirit."

And then this same good brother in another long article in a recent number of the Herald, written, as he informs us, with the express design of showing the public, "to what a pitch of ACRIMONY and GALL the modern spirit of abolitionism is propelling its votaries," we are charged publicly with having "come out in an address, DIRECTLY and ROYNTLY INVEIGHING against the constituted authorities and some of the regulations of our own Church." Now, putting the best possible construction upon the foregoing language, it contains a charge against us which, if true, must, according to our form of Discipline, exclude us from our membership in the Church of God. Now, dear brethren, in the exercise of the kindest feelings towards all persons concerned in this affair, we would respectfully ask, is this the way in which we should be told of our faults? Is this the best way to prevent or to put down an undue excitement upon any subject? How many more times must remarks and reflections like the above be reiterated in the columns of a public paper against us? And how long must we remain silent and say nothing to repel them?

We could enlarge here, but we forbear. We are sorry that any thing should have been said in this paper, which could make it necessary for us to say this much in reply; and we now leave it for you to judge whether we have any just cause for complaint against those who have spoken of us in this way, and under the circumstances described above; and whether we must always remain silent, and do nothing to repel the charges of those who denounce us, and many other ministers and members of our Church, as "injudicious, anti-republican, jacobinical, speculative, hot-headed, furious, frenzied, vaporing, MORAL QUACKS?"

S. W. WILSON,
A. D. MERRILL,
LA ROY SUNDERLAND,
GEORGE STORRS,
JARED PERKINS.

April 3, 1835.

P. S.—In reference to the article which appeared

in the Herald a few weeks since, addressed to the Editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, it is but proper, perhaps, for us to say, that, as they have publicly disclaimed ever having had any design to justify the system of slavery in any thing which they may have said upon the subject, we ought to admit their statement as conclusive evidence on this point; and if they meant to be understood by their explanation as never having attempted in that paper to justify the "crime of the enslaver," (by which we mean slave-holding, or the holding property in man,) then we would hereby revoke all that we have said either in the Appeal, or the article alluded to above, which was based upon this supposition. Whether it was fair for them to make the charges which they did against us, and then refuse our reply a place in their paper, we leave them to judge.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
FEATHERS AND BRANDY.

MR. EDITOR—Who can measure the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of the wretchedness, the crime of spirit-dealing? The great proportion of our vendors of liquid ruin, though they pass for respectable and worthy members of community, and through many of them unquestionably are such, aside from their nefarious calling; yet they are, to all intents and purposes, licensed pauper-makers! As illustrative of this oft reiterated sentiment, permit me to publish, through the columns of your Herald, a most heart-affecting scene, which came under my own observation a few days since.

Passing through New Salem, Conn., on returning from an excursion to the south part of the state, my attention was suddenly arrested, a short distance from the "Hickory Hotel," by the voice of a child, who seemed hastening to overtake me. I immediately stopped, and inquired what she wished for.

"Ma," said she, "wants you to give me three cents, to buy some crackers for my little brother, who has had nothing to eat for three days."

Observing the child to have a bottle in one hand, and a pillow-case, about two-thirds filled, in the other, I asked her for what purpose she was conveying that bottle?

"To get some Brandy, at Mr. R—'s, for father," was the reply.

"What have you in that pillow-case?"

"Feathers!"

"Where did you obtain them?"

"Ma took them out of the bed!"

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Sell them to Mr. R—."

"For what?"

"For Brandy!"

"Did your Ma take those feathers out of her bed to buy brandy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your Ma drink brandy?"

"Sometimes."

A few words more of conversation passed, and I left the unhappy child, and hastened to the hotel, to inform Mr. R— of the interview I had had with one of his interesting customers. As I was conversing with him, the little miserable ragged girl arrived, with her bottle and pillow-case of dead feathers.

"Ma," said she, to Mr. R—, "says you may have the feathers for six cents, and she wants half a pint of Brandy!"

It seemed, and indeed the landlord said, that she had been there previously with the same feathers, but he had refused to purchase them; probably because they were worth nothing. He acknowledged that for the cash he sold intoxicating liquors to this miserable, poverty-stricken, drunken family. How long will our authorities license men to fill our almshouses with paupers, our penitentiaries with criminals, the world with suffering and misery, and hell with deathless souls?

M. DWIGHT.

Williamian, April 4, 1835.

P. S.—It is possible I have not related the above dialogue verbatim, but it is essentially true, and as near the original as I can recollect. Whether Mr. R—'s customer told the truth relative to her brother's having been without a penny to eat for three days, I am not able to say. From what one or two bystanders said, I am inclined to think she did not. Her parents, nevertheless, are miserably poor, and unquestionably the whole family suffers much for want of bread, while Mr. R— receives their cash, not their feather beds, for Brandy.

M. D.

[From the American Presbyterianian.]

SOME LIKE HOG—SOME, HOMMINS.

De gustibus nil disputandum.

I like to see folks walk into, and out of church with their hats on. It has about it a patriotic independence that well comports with democratic principles.

I like to see young men (the younger the more commendable) occupy the uppermost seats in the synagogue; and, should there be a chair or two near the stove, to monopolize them. It argues a happy boldness, and a precocity prophetic of great things in ripper years.

I like to hear persons cough and hawk ostentatiously in a public assembly. It awakens our sympathies by seeming to say, "See what a bad cold we have got;" and relieves the mind from the necessity of listening all the time to the speaker. It keeps the air in a healthy agitation, and the copious exhalations expectorated by the coughers being duly commingled and dispersed through the room, the atmosphere is reduced to a very savory state for inhalation.

I like to see persons change their sitting posture frequently—it keeps their blood in circulation; and to hear their feet scrape heavily on the floor—it rids the dust off the floor, and keeps it in a proper condition to be swept.

I like to see gentlemen put their feet upon the back of the seats in front of them, especially in muddy weather. It gives them a graceful attitude, indubitably indicative of good breeding. The mud will keep

the paint on the seats from exposure to the atmosphere, and make it last longer.

I like to hear the tobacco juice squirt, squirt on the floor—it lulls one to sleep like the pattering of rain—and to see the floor around one, and under one's feet, flooded with the narcotic nectar, with here and there a well-masticated fascicle of the sweet weed itself. It is so delectable, if one happens to drop his glove, handkerchief, hat, or hymn-book. Especially grateful is it, when the odorous discharges are made upon the stove, to hear with what an emphatic hiss it responds to the spitter.

I like to see parents permit their children to sit promiscuously through the church. It argues a commendable confidence that the training they have received at home will secure a proper decorum abroad. Should they, however, provoked by the antics of some unlicked cub among them, laugh, and titter, and run from one seat to another, during a great part of the sermon, their parents, being comfortably seated in another part of the church, will not be responsible for what they are ignorant of.

CHAUVER.—The surname of the poet Chaucer is evidently of French origin; the old Norman word *chauceur*, or *chaussier*, signifying a shoemaker. The word, too, as applied to the article of dress, must have been commonly used during his life, for in the translation of the Gospel of Mark, by Richard of Hampole, the hermit, who died in 1394, the following verse: "Then cometh one mightier than I, after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worth to stoop down and unlouse;"—is thus rendered: "A stal worthier man than I schal come after me, of whom I am not worthi downfallende o kneland to loose the thwonge of his chauceurs."—Clarke's *Riches of Chaucer*.

LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

Towards the end of the last century, Sicily exhibited an instance of literary imposture that has rarely been equalled. A man named Vella, who came from Malta, pretended to an intimate acquaintance with Arabic, though he knew not a word of that language, nor so much as the alphabet. It happened that the government was just then solicited to inform itself on the subject of the history of the kingdom in the time of the Saracens; this was a point of some importance in the disputes with the Sicilian barons, in regard to their feudal rights and claims. Vella contrived to play his cards so skillfully, that he was employed to translate an Arabic manuscript found in the old archives; and he performed his part for a length of time with such consummate address, as to obtain honors, dignities, and even the professorship of the Arabic language and literature in the University of Palermo! His translation of the Arabic manuscript was nothing but a tissue of his own inventions. He even went so far as to bring forward a Norman manuscript, which he gave out that he had found in an ancient collection. The Sicilian literati, however, began at length to smell a rat, and strove to tear the mask from the impostor. This proved to be no easy task—for the juggler had found means to gain powerful protection. At last he was brought before the regular tribunal on a charge of fraud, convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

THE GENEROUS QUAKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Warner Millin was one of those respectable characters celebrated for their candor, knowledge, and affability, who are an honor to their age and country. He was a member of the Society of Friends. Not long since, several Friends had proposed to emancipate their slaves. That excellent resolution was promulgated and recommended in several assemblies. Already a member of that Society, and an inhabitant of the town of Flusburg, on the island of Nassau, as famous for his medical knowledge as for his Christian virtues, Warner Millin, after freeing all his slaves, in his will, generously provided for them. He did not hesitate to follow an example so congenial to his soul. He received from his father thirty-seven slaves, young and old. On the day appointed for their emancipation, he called them to his study, separately, and held the following conversation with one of them:—

"Well, friend James, how old art thou?"

"I am twenty-nine years and six months."

"What! twenty-nine years and six months? You should have been free, as your brothers are, at twenty-one. Religion and humanity enjoin it, and justice tells me to pay thee for eight years' labor. As thou art young and vigorous, and must labor for thy support, it is my intention to give thee an obligation for the sum of one hundred dollars, with interest yearly. Hearken unto me, James: thou art as free as I am; this is the beginning of thy fortune; thou hast no longer any master but God and the laws. Go into the other room, whether thou wilt find my wife, thy old mistress, and William Roberts, occupied in writing thy manumission. When I have signed and witnessed it, thou wilt go and have it recorded in our Society's books. May God bless thee, James; be prudent and industrious. In all thy misfortunes and troubles, thou wilt ever find a friend in thy old master, Warner Millin."

James, surprised at a scene so unexpected and affecting, burst into tears, as if threatened with some dreadful evil. The sudden effect of astonishment, combined with various other sentiments, swelled the heart of poor James. He wept like a child. As soon as he was sufficiently collected, "Ah! my master," said he, "what shall I do with liberty? I was born under thy roof; I have always enjoyed the comforts of life; we have worked together in the field, and I know that I labored as much for myself as for thee. I was nourished with the same food as thyself; and always rode to meeting. We have Saturdays to work for ourselves, and we want for nothing. When we are sick, our good, kind mistress always comes to our bedside, saying, 'Well, my good lad, what is the matter with thee? Do not be discouraged; the doctor will soon be here; have patience, it is the best remedy; I will take care of thee!'"

"Ah! when I am a free man, what shall I do, and where shall I go?"

"Like white men, you will labor for those who will give the highest wages. In a few years you will be able to purchase a small farm; then you can marry a prudent, industrious woman, and bring up your children in the fear of God and the love of labor; and after enjoying a free and tranquil life, thou wilt die in peace. This day you must absolutely have your freedom. I have long since determined that you should have it. May the Creator of all men put a period to the traffic of human flesh. May that all-powerful Being inspire every American with a desire to follow our example. We, who regard our liberty as the first of Heaven's blessings, shall we refuse it to the humble slave who labors for our support?"

"Ah! my master, how good thou art. That is the reason I do not wish to leave thee: I never was a slave; you always speak to me as you do to white men; I never want for any thing, in sickness or in health; I never work any more than my neighbors, who work for themselves; I am richer than some white men who have borrowed money of me. And my dear, good mistress, never commands us; but when she wanted any thing done, she would say, 'James, I wish thou wouldst do this and so?' How can I leave thee? Give me, yearly, the wages of a freeman, or a slave, since I can never be happy but with thee."

"After thy manumission has been submitted to the necessary forms," said the master, "I will hire thee by the year; but at least spend a week in celebrating thy freedom. This is a grand epoch in thy life; spend that week as thou wilt."

"No, master, it is now seed time; I will take my congee when planting is over. This day only will I spend as a holiday in the black family. If, my dear master, I must accept my liberty, the first act of a freeman shall be to take thy hand and present to my heart, where the gratitude and attachment of James will never end till this heart shall cease to beat."

Is it in the power of man to offer a more acceptable incense to a merciful God? This same Warner Millin sold, at Lewistown, a slave with whom he was much dissatisfied. The misconduct of that slave obliged his new master to dispose of him to a second purchaser, who, equally weary of such an abandoned wretch, sent him to —, where severe punishment rendered him more tractable. Upon the recollection of the goodness and humanity of his first master, he caused a letter to be written to him, which contained a most affecting account of his sufferings, and repentance. Such was the effect upon the heart of Warner Millin, upbraiding himself as the first cause of his sufferings, that he embarked for that island, repurchased his old negro, brought him to Philadelphia, and gave him his liberty.

TO MY WIFE

Pillow thy head upon this heart,
My own, my cherished wife;
And let us for one hour forget
Our dreary path of life;
Then let me kiss thy tear away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the days of halcyon youth,
When all was hope and gloe.

Fair as the early promise, love,
Of our joy-frighted barque;
Sunlit and lustrous too, the skies,
Now all so dim and dark;
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drove with shattered sail,
But love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threatening gale.

Thou gentle one, few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;
The storm has left our paradise
With but one sunny spot;
Hallowed forever will be that place
To hear like thine and mine—
'Tis where our childish hands appeared
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
Where, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love?
The poor man's blessings and his curse
Pertain alike to me,
For shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich in thee?

A GREAT MAN'S PATRONAGE.

The Prince of Conti was embarrassed for want of money;—would to heaven that the want were confined to the Prince of Conti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to him one morning and said:

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn."

"Give them hay and corn, then," said the Prince.

"But, my lord, the farmers and the corn chandlers refuse to supply me any more till their corn accounts are discharged."

"Ah! that alters the case," quoth the Prince, very gravely.

"But your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have!—call my steward."

The steward appears.

"So the corn chandler and farmer refuse to give us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the Prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Humph! who does give us credit?"

"No one, your highness."

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
SLAVERY.
NO. IV.

Mr. Fisk—It has been my intention to address you next on the subject of Amalgamation; but on further reflection, I have concluded that as the series of extracts, which have been poured from the pages of the cheaply sold and freely distributed classics of Abolitionism into the columns of the Herald is probably nearly closed, it may be well to settle about what degree of cruelty and licentiousness may be justly chargeable upon Southern slavery. I know that it is the impression of many pious and well meaning persons, that it is no matter how overdone the descriptions, and exaggerated the impressions on this subject; and that the true way is, to create a horrible though indefinite sense in the mind, that slavery is an evil beyond all measure or equal. I do much doubt, however, whether this mode of operation is likely to benefit any of the parties concerned in this truly momentous matter.

First—It is certain that some of the authorities quoted are, if not in interest, certainly in feeling, of a *per se* character. No one can read a page of Mr. Bourne's book, for instance, without feeling that his entire aim is not to give a definite knowledge, but to excite the mind. The whole temper of feeling, strain of thought, and train of epithets, demonstrate that he will have gained his purpose, only by having left the mind in an exasperated tone of feeling. It is the language of the lawyer and not of the witness, and is no more likely to be just than the account given by an apologist for slavery, or a slaveholder upon principle.

Second—Every one of the individual facts upon the subject of cruelty and licentiousness may be true, and yet the concentrated impression of the whole may be cruelly false. I can most grossly label in this manner a neighborhood or country without mistaking a single fact. It is thus that sectional prejudices are usually created and preserved. Suppose I visited to produce in the mind of an impartial foreigner, the idea that America was a land of infernal savages—that the present inhabitants were on a par with the aborigines. I need only detail a few facts, and heap them in mass before his mind, in order to leave nothing but a confused sensation of boundless chaotic horrors. I need only detail with all circumstantial fulness and accuracy, a Houston assault, an attempted Presidential assassination, a conspiracy charged upon a senator—a Philadelphia election murder, and a New York riot, and what a picture would his imagination conceive of the stalking brutality that fills this savage land. In this case, as in the case of the Southern states, individual truths may have the effect of falsehood in mass.

Third—There is one fact that seems to prove that the charge of great general cruelty is untrue. It is well known that hardships and services do not survive the spring of population. One of the first circumstances, if I mistake not, which aroused the humanity of the British nation to the subject of West Indian slavery, was the appalling fact, that the system was *murderously diminishing the number of human lives*. Now, on the contrary, in our Southern states, although the climate is far less congenial, the most appalling fact, is the *overwhelming amount of increase of the colored upon the white population*. The result is a clear proof of the comparative mildness of Southern slavery.

Fourth—Quotations equally worthy of credit, might be abundantly supplied, to prove that the partisan picture of Southern slavery is unfair. When a certain Mr. Thome drew a picture of its licentiousness, somewhat in Mr. Bourne's style of execution, Mr. Brockbridge, a Mr. Jackson, and another name, not unknown to the columns of the Herald—without hesitation, set the brand of falsehood upon his story. It was my intention to send you three extracts; one from a professed apologist for slavery, another from an assailant of the system, and a third from a temporary resident at the South—all showing that there is frequently far too high a coloring on this subject by professed agitators. I have now sent you three more, ever to extract only the last; it is a pastoral letter written from the South, by a minister to his charge in Maine. He speaks as follows:

"A question in the postscript of your last furnishes me a subject for this letter. The question is this, 'How does slavery appear to you now?' To this question I can give a laudatory answer. The more I know of slavery, just like the remembrance of the more I labor it. There is indeed no feature not unworthy about it. It is dreadful in every point of view—dreadful in its effects upon both blacks and whites. No good man at the North or South can but deprecate its evil. But at all I tell you plainly, that as it respects the evil in the sight of God, I should far rather be the humane master of a thousand slaves, than to be engaged in distilling or vending ardent spirits—yes, I would rather take the responsibility of all the slavery in the land than that of one tenth part of the disgraceful and destructive drunkard, that are still so numerous both at the South and at the North. I would rather lend my vote and influence to license slaveholders than run sellers—I would, ten to one, rather a slaveholder, even at the North, should be a member of my church, than a run seller." The writer proceeds to say, that Satan's kingdom rests upon "these four great pillars, ARDENT SPIRITS, LICENTIOUSNESS, SABBATH BREAKING, SLAVERY," and adds of slavery, "Its magnitude and strength may be and probably are the last of the four." "I have only room to say, that the slaves appear to have as much enjoyment as any people here. Generally, they are treated in a kind and Christian manner—their labor far less and their health much better than laboring people at the North."

This appears to me not the language of a partisan on either side; it bears the innate impress of impartiality, calmness, and truth. Yet what a contrast does it present to the glowing statements of many not dishonest, yet exceedingly unfair treatises on the subject. I state not these views with the purpose of justifying or protracting the continuance of slavery; I do sincerely believe that they have the reverse tendency. But I wish that my countrymen may have as correct a view as possible of the dimensions and boundary lines of this great evil, in order that the measures which shall be adopted may be prudent as well as effective. We may rush into evils, I sincerely think, even greater than slavery itself.

My next number will probably be upon Amalgamation; I then may take up the subject of Emancipation, and conclude with a view of the benefits of the Colonization system.

D. D. WHELOS.

Wesleyan University, April, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
"UNAUTHORIZED TRANSFORMATION."

BROTHER KINGSBURY—I had no intention of troubling you or the public again on the subject of Dr. Fisk's disclaimer; nor would I do it now, were I alone concerned. But this is not the case: the "abolitionists" are accused of having done the abominable deeds of "editing Dr. Fisk as an advocate of their cause against his will"—of committing an "outrage," &c., &c. The author of the address on Slavery, and through him all the abolitionists, are charged with hypocrisy, deception, "a reprehensible conduct," and an attempt appears to be made to make the public believe that it is even so. To show that such an attempt is made, allow me to introduce the following extracts: the first is from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," and stands at the head of Dr. Fisk's article in that paper. The Editors of the Advocate say:—

"That our readers may understand and feel the full point of the remarks of the author, it is necessary to inform them that some of the abolitionists published his address on temperance, without his knowledge or approbation, substituting slavery for temperance, and thus enlisted Dr. Fisk as an advocate of their cause contrary to his will. This reprehensible conduct has called forth the following letter." Then follows the letter.

The Christian Intelligencer marches on in the train, in the following language:

"ANTI-SLAVERY OUTRAGE.—Perhaps we ought to style that to which we refer a literary outrage, but we have seen so many instances of highly execrable con-

duct among abolitionists that we prefer the title we have written. Some time ago, the Rev. Dr. Fisk, of the Wesleyan University, published an Address to the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the subject of Temperance. This address has lately been re-published without his knowledge or approbation, and the word *Slavery* has been substituted for *Temperance*, wherever the latter word occurred—thus changing the whole character of the address, and making Dr. Fisk an advocate of Abolitionism. Against this act, which Dr. F. says was done by 'A Member of the N. H. Conference,' he has publicly re-nounced, in a long article published in Zion's Herald."

Now I ask, who has sent abroad the impression that the abolitionists have been guilty of "outrage," &c., in regard to the use made of Dr. Fisk's address? Did the members of the N. H. Conference do it? Let the introduction to his address on Slavery speak for him. It is as follows:—

"The following address on the subject of Slavery is by a member of the N. H. Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who acknowledges himself under great obligation to Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University, for the language, as it consists of extracts from his address on Temperance, communicated to the subject of Slavery by that part which is included in brackets—that part being all that is original in this address."

G. S.

"Concord, Jan., 1835."

Is here any attempt to deceive the public, and make them think that Dr. Fisk was an advocate of abolitionism? Had not a member of the N. H. Conference, had not any man, a right to use Dr. Fisk's address (i. e. the language of it) as he pleased, provided he gave credit to it, and did not attempt to deceive the public by leading them to believe that the sentiments when applied to another subject were his? I leave it to the public whether any such attempt has been made. For myself, I avow that no such thought ever entered my head. I conceive I had a perfect right to do, in this thing, as I have done; and that myself or any other man was authorized by Dr. Fisk himself, to do so, the moment he gave his address to the public; and Dr. Fisk knows I had a right to do so, or in other words, to make a parody of it, if I pleased. I ask again, who then has sent abroad the impression to the millions of the readers of Zion's Herald, Christian Advocate, Christian Intelligencer, &c., that abolitionists have been guilty of "outrage," hypocrisy, &c.?

GEO. STORES.

"Concord, N. H., April, 1835."

P. S. Since writing the above article, a piece has appeared in the N. H. Patriot, and some other papers in this vicinity, taken from the N. Y. Transcript, headed "IMMEDIATE ABOLITION FORGEY." The following is an extract from the article, or rather it is the first sentence:—"Rev. Wilbur Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, has published in Zion's Herald a letter charging the immediate abolitionists with one of the most bold, impudent and unprincipled pieces of forgery we ever heard of." The forgery is mine. What say, brother Fisk, is your resistance rightly understood? If my good mistaken brother, who has suffered, I fear, his love to Colonization to blind his eyes, can suffer such impressions to go abroad, he is certainly welcome to all the help they will be to the Colonization cause. But as for myself, on this subject having a conscience void of offence, my mind is in perfect peace, for which I praise our common Lord.

G. S.

"Concord, N. H., April, 1835."

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1835.

ROMAN CATHOLIC HONESTY.

Take care, my Lord Bishop, for the indignation of an outraged community will be yet down upon you. But we will not anticipate our story. We hope his reverence may be able to explain satisfactorily his agency in the transaction mentioned below.

In the House of Representatives about a week since, Mr. Lincoln, from the Committee appointed to ascertain whether Middleton, Dorchester, and other towns had not charged more than they were entitled to for the maintenance of state paupers, related the following fact:—

"An Irish pauper, named Fitzgerald, died a few days ago in the Danvers almshouse, in which he had lived and been supported at the public expense for the last twenty years. Upon his person was found, after his decease, a letter directed to him, and signed 'John, Bishop of Boston.' The letter acknowledged the possession of \$103 belonging to Fitzgerald;—stated that the writer sent the old \$3, and that the \$100 had been placed in the Savings' Bank, from whence Fitzgerald might procure it by calling on the Rev. Mr. Taylor, or Rev. Mr. Byrne, (Catholic Priests)."

"The overseers of the Danvers almshouse, thinking they had a claim upon this money, having sought Fitzgerald so long, applied at the Savings' Bank, but found it had been withdrawn by Mr. Byrne. They then applied to him; and they state that he at first denied all knowledge of it; but afterwards accounted for it. On further inspection of the pauper's papers, there was every reason to believe that at the time he first became an inmate of the almshouse at Danvers, he was worth \$1400. What, however, had become of this money—how it had been invested—could not be ascertained."

[On motion of Mr. Parsons, the report of the committee was referred to the Attorney General, with instructions to act upon this and the other matters contained therein, and report to the next General Court. On motion of Mr. Hastings of Boston, it was also ordered, that the Committee appointed to examine into the accounts of towns for the support of State Paupers, be authorized to pursue their inquiries during the recess, and to report at the next session.]

Every day the wickedness, deceit, and hypocrisy of the Popish myrmidons in New England are exposed;—appalling facts are accumulating. But this will not long be suffered. The sons of the Pilgrims are willing every man should enjoy with perfect independence his religious opinions—but when this right is resolved into licentiousness, when the Priests who minister at the altar take the liberty to help themselves to the money belonging to our state paupers, a sturdy feeling is aroused that they will find exceedingly difficult to quell.

MARTHA: A Memorial of an only and beloved Sister. By Rev. Andrew Reed, of London. Published by Horner & Brothers.

This is one of the best books we ever read. It is the character of an humble, deeply pious, and amiable young lady, written by her brother; and such a portrait we have rarely seen drawn. The multiplication of books like this will have a most beneficial tendency upon community, as it possesses all the attractions of the highest wrought fiction, and at the same time, inculcates a confidence of the purest and most exalted character. But we cannot but exhibit the value of the book, than by presenting a few paragraphs.

Her Benevolence.—"If Martha's spirits were ever in danger of yielding to the discouraging influence of an employ, she was supplied with an effectual remedy in her benevolence. She was not thinking of herself, but of others; and if occasionally her strength was exhausted, her mind cheered, and her heart renewed again, under the cordial conviction that she was promoting the comfort of those dearest to her. Their acknowledgments was an ample reward for her largest exertions. How often have I seen her features brightened with heartfelt joy on receiving the caress of the father, the kind word of the mother, the approving glance of the brother, which expressed gratification in her attentions."

There was an interest and earnestness in her manner which gave a charm to the plainest words, and a quick observation of trifling circumstances on which so much of domestic urbanity and comfort depend; but benevolence more than supplied the deficiency; for love has a superior

sight to sagacity. Her affectionate eye would run in a moment over the well-known features of her family, and catch as quickly their several expressions. An unfeigned sympathy would prompt her department. It would tell her when to speak, when to be silent. It suggested what attentions would be acceptable, and what oppressive. It would dwell on her countenance with most fascinating power; and would not fail in finding its object under its genial influence. Few, who knew so well how to be brighten joy or diminish grief; or have had such benevolent pleasure in reducing their knowledge to practice. It was difficult, if not impossible, to remain sad in her presence. The thought that she, in the midst of her family, was identified with cheerfulness; and I have often marked with surprise how her influence would insensibly chase away anxiety and fatigue from the countenance, as the morning mist is dissipated by the smiling and gentle approach of the blessed light."

Conversation.—"Conversation usually began with her, and always in the most easy, generally in the most playful manner." "If religion became the theme, it was not because the tone of conversation was sinking, but because it was rising above ordinary things. Religion did not depress her cheerfulness, it refined it. How often has the hour of 'sweet domestic converse' been imperceptibly prolonged when this has been the subject! How often has it been dwelt upon, till life's tumult was forgotten, or, at least, the present state of pilgrimage, we greeted each other as citizens of a better country; till our hopes blended with our meditations, and our meditations were lost amid the harp, the joys, the society of that blessed world!"

Her religious hymn, and the apostolic prayer—and the unanimous, fervent Amen. Then came the parting words, the kind wishes. Martha's heart always overflowed with them. The softness of her voice, the beaming of her eye, the gladness of her smile, the thought that she, in the midst of her family, was identified with cheerfulness; and I have often marked with surprise how her influence would insensibly chase away anxiety and fatigue from the countenance, as the morning mist is dissipated by the smiling and gentle approach of the blessed light."

Domestic Happiness.—"In the first heyday of youth, when the heart is hurried by the anticipation of novel enjoyment, when the illusions of hope rest on every object, and promise a life without clouds, a life without fear, and pleasures without end, happiness cannot be recognized in the simple guise, the retiring habits, and quiet tone of domestic life. It is only as these spells are broken by the experience, as disappointment, and the loss of hope, as vexation, and with pleasures as the bleak winds of worldly adversity chill and depress the undue ardor of the spirit, that it is disposed to return to those humble scenes which it had scorned. Then home is charming; and the tongue that moves and glows, and the heart that yearns with sympathy, and the thousand attentions and thousand decencies which flow through domestic life, all unpretending as they are, are sure to be rightly appreciated. Happy is he who, in such a state of mind, can find in the most simple life, the most perfect contentment!—thrice happy he who, early taught to form a just estimate of happiness, has always drawn these peaceful waters, and has only found their sweetness increased by the bitter draughts which a vain and insincere world has forced upon him!"

What a vivid picture of domestic happiness! How stoical and isolated that heart must be, which can see nothing to admire, not to say to envy, in such a scene. Those who labor for enjoyment from the world only, may find it, and pursue it, in the endearments of conjugal and domestic life. But when to these are added the renovating and sanctifying power of religion, heartfelt and abiding, who can estimate the sum of happiness continually received and given, and which, like an overflowing spring, freshens, beautifies, and fertilizes every thing about it? Contrasted with this, how gloomy, how cheerless, how desolate must that heart be, which looks in vain at home for happiness, and yet can look no where else. Alive to all the felicity home does afford to others, and is capable of affording to himself, how acute his mental agonies;—how desolated and barren the reality, which in prospective, appeared so beautiful and inviting! We have seen the subject of such sorrow, possessed of a sensitive heart, sit in pensive meditation, brooding over the desolation of the present, and the thick gloom of the future—but occasionally casting his wishful and tearful eye to the beautiful garden of domestic felicity, which however, he could not enter, until sunk in mental abstraction, and utter prostration of spirit. Such sorrow, which cannot from its very nature invite, or even expect to see in any one the tear of sympathy, or hear from any one the voice of kindness, preys silently, but constantly, upon the inmost spirit. Religion, nothing short of the omnipotent power of religion, and firm trust in God, is capable of supporting such a heart, in such an hour.—A.

MISS REED'S BOOK.

Efforts have been made in this city and more distant sections of the country to invalidate this lady's testimony. But thus far they have proved entirely abortive. The fact is, not a single important statement has been shaken. The following was written by one of our senators to the Nanuet Inquirer:—

A very great degree of curiosity, not to say excitement, has prevailed in the city during three or four days past, in consequence of the apparition of a thin, fifty-cent book, entitled "Six Months in a Convent." The author, a Miss Reed, it was once an inmate of the Ursuline Nunnery at Chateaufort; and this is a statement of her experiences during her residence therein. It is quite an unpretending sketch, and carries on its face much honesty and frankness of intent. Yet, it had been in existence scarcely a day, ere the "Lady Superior," Madame Saint Somebody, assailed it per advertisement in the newspapers, called it a pack of lies, in so many words—and its writer, without reserve, an impostor. Many persons would have taken less heed of the book, had this sweet tempered saint shown less of the genuine spirit of the "Holy Inquisition." As it was, a very large edition, of several thousands, has been devoured at once. And the public opinion, by reason of this ebullition of religious indignation, has become wonderfully shorn of its sympathies, hitherto indulgent, in behalf of the renowned establishment at Mount Benedict. The nuns and their adherents threaten a reply to Miss Reed's publication; but the disclosures therein made have placed the concern in such a light that great difficulties must be encountered ere the effect thereof can be removed. There is but little if any doubt in the minds of the country at large, touching the truth of Miss Reed's developments; and any further attempt to enlist the favor, even of the romantic and enthusiastic, on the side of these servants of the Pope, will be utterly futile. New England will scarcely tolerate another Convent, Monastery, or any similar branch of papal nonsense.

NOTA BENE.—The Literary and Catholic Sentinel is comparatively decent and readable the present week. Reason.—The editor is in New York.

CAN POPEY EVER BE DESTROYED?—Nay, verily; Abner Kneeland's word for it. He says in his chaste, consistent, and logical periodical, yelped the "Investigator,"—

"How can a denomination of Christians so powerful, and possessing such means to build itself up, be put down? It is all idle to suppose it."

"We hope enough (Roman Catholic priests) will come to OVERHAUL Protestants, so that they will no longer dare to persecute Free Enquirers, lest they themselves should ere long be served with the same sauce."

What a loving "check by jowl" brotherhood Abner Kneeland and George Pepper, Esq. make! By the by, dear reader, how true was the toast we published a week or two since, respecting this champion of "the only true Church." He was styled "the unrivalled champion of the grey goose-quill."

*What a misnomer!

CHURCH STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

(Continued.)

I must now tell you about the insects. Perhaps you have not cared much about insects—but if you could see some that I have seen you would think that they were one of the most beautiful parts of the great Creator's works. And if you could look at them through a microscope, you would think—certainly the good boys and girls among you would think—that the power of God was very great to make such little things, and make them just as well as though they were ever so large. Now these insects do not trouble the people, as some insects do among

us—mosquitoes. They flew about, making a humming noise with their wings, and made it very cheerful—they seemed to be so lively and happy. The bees were busy gathering honey out of the beautiful flowers; and the ants were industrious, also; the bright butterflies were sailing about in the air, and all were employed about something. And then the fishes—the rivers and lakes were full of fishes—there were gold fishes and silver fishes, and a great many other kinds. Now I must tell you something about the weather. Well, it was as bright and pleasant as you can imagine. The sun was warm, but it was not too hot to be agreeable, except in the middle of the day, and then the people could go into the beautiful woods, where it was cool. The sky was very clear, and the air was delightful.

Do you not think that this was a very beautiful country?—Must not the inhabitants have enjoyed themselves very much while they were good? They could not be happy without being good, any more than we can. Now the king of this country had a great many other countries, and he put them into this charming country because he was so kind and loved them so much. And he did every thing that he could to make them happy. Well, there must always be laws in every country, and so this good king made laws for the inhabitants of this country; and there must always be a punishment for breaking the laws; for unless there were it would be of no use to have laws. Do you think that it would do any good to have laws, if there were no punishment for breaking laws? No, it would be of no use. There might as well be no laws at all. Suppose we should have laws here without putting those who break them into the Jail or State Prison, or the House of Correction, or doing any thing else to punish them, do you think that they would be minded much? Well this king said that disobedience of his laws should be punished with death—so that those who broke them would have to die. Now perhaps you may think that this was rather severe; but it was not at all severe—it was exactly right and just. The laws were very easy to keep, and there was no need at all of breaking them. The good king knew that they could keep them without any difficulty. And when the laws were so easy to keep and the king was so good, do you not think that they deserved to die if they did not keep them? I am very sure they did. Well this was the punishment—they were to die if they broke the laws?

Do you know, children, what it is to rebel? It is to rise up and say that we will not obey the laws; and people who rise up in this way are called rebels. Now should you ever suppose that the people who lived in this beautiful country and had so good a king—who was so kind to them, and did so much to make them happy—would ever rebel?—I am sure that I should not. But they did. They said that they would not obey these reasonable laws, and they were so wicked and so foolish as to go and join themselves to a bad king, who was at war with the good king. They all went, men, women, and children, and joined his army to fight against the good king. Only think of this for a moment. Do you think that you should have done so, children?—N.

[To be continued.]

EVENING HOUR.—A volume of poems, chiefly religious, has recently been published, written by Rev. H. F. Lyte, minister of Lower Brixham, England. We extract the following, which is a beautifully simple and touching, especially the last verse.

The contemplative mind loves the twilight hour. To the devout heart, it is often the chosen scene of sweet communion with God—the hour of renewed determination to love the Saviour—the hour of contemplation on the sweet release from this vale of tears, and of a blessed resting place above.

The depressed and weary spirit finds something comfort with its own nature, in the calm evening hour. Broken off from immediate contact with the world, it holds communion with itself, and if wounded by the ingratitude of the world, or grieved by the unkindness of those who ought to sympathize, it turns itself in silent and pensive devotion to Him, who knows how to succor the afflicted, and to bind up the broken-hearted.—A.

EVENING HOUR.

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour! That calms the air, and shuts the flower; That brings the wild bee to its rest, The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labor cease! That gives the weary brain release, And leads them home, and crowns them there With rest and shelter, food and care.

O, season of soft sounds and hues, Of twilight walks among the Jews, Of feelings calm, and converse sweet, And thoughts too lovely to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time When feelings flow, and wishes climb; When timid souls begin to dare, And God receives and answers prayer.

Then trembling through the dewy skies, Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes Of angels, calm reclining there, And gazing on this world of care.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musings made— When Isaac walked and Daniel pray'd; When Abraham's offering God did own; And Jesus lived to be alone.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

This was a splendid affair—superior to any meeting of the kind we ever attended. The plan of the exercises does credit to the taste of the committee of arrangements. A large carpeted platform was raised in front of the pulpit, upon which were seated the President of the Society, the superintendents, and several children.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. E. T. Taylor. A hymn, set to simple and appropriate music, composed by Mr. Wm. C. Brown, was sung. The Reports were read by the superintendents of the respective schools. Of them we shall say nothing, as extracts will hereafter be published. They had all an important virtue—brevity.

Dialogues were spoken by very little children on the stage, which were listened to with extraordinary and breathless attention. Addresses were also made by young readers to the audience. We present one of them to our readers:—

"I stand before this respected audience, to advocate the cause which has this day assembled us together. Permit a youth who has been nurtured in the Sabbath school to press its claims upon you. It is your cause. Our teachers and superintendents, it is true, are the laborers in this field, but they are your agents. They have voluntarily taken upon themselves a responsibility which of their time to this work, not for themselves, but for your sons and daughters, your younger brothers and sisters, and for the poor child who can address no earthly being as father—mother; and who can claim no brother and no sister; who is, I will not say friendless—for God has committed the orphan to your care—but who has no friend but you. It is your cause, I say. Indulge me then not only with your charitable attention, but open to me your hearts, and help me by your prayers, while I address a few words to you on the importance of this heaven-devised institution. Your presence here, indeed, shows you to be its friends, and would seem to preclude the necessity of such an appeal; but those who are more immediately engaged in the work of Sabbath school instruction, and who are thus called to a more constant and clear view of its importance, are sensible that its bearings are but very imperfectly understood, even by its friends. There is pre-

sented even to superintendents and teachers, as they tell us, a constantly expanding view of the greatness of the object in which they are employed. The dangers of youth are not yet fully realized. During the week we are exposed to a thousand influences destructive of virtue. Many among us have already formed wicked habits, and are corrupting all who are associated with them. They use profane and indecorous language, and many of us are becoming so accustomed to it as hardly to shudder or blush when we hear it, and if you do not put forth efforts to save us, we shall be as bad as they. A confident, brazen youth has much power over his associates. You know not, dear friends, how difficult it is for any of us, much less those who are weak, to summon a sufficient degree of independence to bear up against the ridicule of such a one. Even men and women are subject to such influences, and we have not the maturity of reason and the fortitude of men and women. These depraved youths are in the schools which we attend, and they join themselves to us in our play, and we can go nowhere to avoid them. Beside this bad influence from those of our own age, many children and youths are led astray by the injurious example of persons older than themselves. We are not, as you very well know, capable of judging for ourselves—we are dependent upon our elders to think for us, and thus have an habitual reverence for them which we cannot shake off, even when they are unworthy to be thus regarded.

I will not enumerate any more of the evils to which we are liable at our present age. But permit us to say that you should look forward to the dangers to which we may in future be exposed. You are one day to pass away from the world, and we are to occupy your places.

You call us the country's hope. It becomes you, then, to fortify our minds against influences which may unqualify us for our duties as citizens of this great republic.

We shall in a few months, in our passage through the world, enter a dangerous strait. On one hand is the rock of Infidelity. It protrudes to view a part of its black form, and extends many a hidden arch beneath the treacherous sea, while the unskillful mariner is impelled upon its sure destruction by the merciless waves which foam around it. On the other is the vortex of Popery. Many, many a poor mariner are its whirling waves hurrying on to be engulfed in its voracious depths.

Finally, we have souls to be saved. These influences will, unless counteracted, not only ruin us, and our country in us, for this world, but we shall lose our souls. We shall be fit only for the society of wicked spirits, and among them we shall have to dwell.

Offer us not this to perish. And will Sabbath schools save us? will they save our country? They will, respected friends—if you discharge your duty with regard to them, they will.

This is our chief dependence. If we are permitted to grow up in vice—if we are permitted to imbibe destructive principles, the probability is but small that the gospel will ever have an effectual influence over us. But imbue our minds with truth. Tell us of the goodness of our heavenly Father, and the dying love of our Redeemer; be in earnest for our instruction and salvation, and with the divine blessing, which will surely attend your efforts if put forth with purity of intention and reliance upon his aid, we shall be fortified against these dangers. We shall be a comfort and a rejoicing to you in your declining years. We shall be prepared for our duty as American citizens, and many of us—O, would that I could say—many of us will praise our Redeemer in the skies for your care of our souls. Parents! brothers! sisters! Christians! patriots! for your own sakes, for the sake of our happiness in this world, for your country's sake, for the cause of Christ, for the sake of our precious souls—remember the Sabbath school."

The remarks by Rev. A. Stevens were, as usual, eloquent and spirit-stirring. We hope, hereafter, to be able to publish a brief sketch of them.

The throng was almost unparalleled;—the aisles, the upper vestry, the altar, the pulpit stairs, all were full, full. We even observed, shudderingly, that beneath the pulpit, children were crouched. These thousands were so intensely interested that for an hour they were nearly all standing. The collection amounted to \$50.

ERRATA IN THE COUNTER APPEAL.—Second page, col. 1, line 13, for directly read discreetly.

"1, '43, for secure read rescue.

"1, '60, for imputation read imputations.

"1, '61, for then read them.

"2, '79, for denominate then read denominate them.

"4, '91, for perpetrator of slavery read perpetrator of slavery.

"4, '98, for tight fetters read tighter fetters.

"4, '114, for text of political candidity read text of political candidity.

"5, '14, for hope of the despairing read hope to the despairing.

"5, '63, insert a comma after the word disorganization, and erase one after the word Church.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

A CARD.

The readers of Zion's Herald are respectfully requested to suspend their judgments on the question presented for their consideration in a paper sent to them, called "A Counter Appeal." As the subscribers to the Herald have never seen the document against which this "Counter Appeal" is written, it would seem but reasonable that we should make this request. We only ask that we may have a candid hearing before we are judged. Nor do we request this for ourselves alone; we request it for the Church to which we belong; and in the behalf of nearly three millions of our fellow citizens who are in bonds, thousands of whom are members of the same Church with ourselves, but who are not permitted to read the word of God. With as little delay as possible, the readers of the Herald will be furnished with the document referred to in the "Counter Appeal," and when they shall have compared this and that together, we will calmly wait the issue.

S. W. WILLSON, A. D. MERRILL, LA ROY SUNDERLAND, GEORGE STORES, JARED PERKINS.

April 8, 1835.

It was frequently asked by the friends of morality and common decency, whether it is a fact that the infidel lecturer in this city is to leave for Philadelphia. Would that we could say, yes. But he has announced, with all proper dignity, that he is yet to honor and bless the city of the pilgrim fathers with his presence. But the same infernal prompter would exist in him, wherever he may go. Such a man will blight every moral flower that he may touch. He is pregnant with mischief. But this is not the effect of learning. He is not a Hume, or a Voltaire, or a Rousseau—oh no—he has not even the superficial satirical powers of the infamous Thomas Paine. But he possesses what is far more to be dreaded, the ability to affect the mind of the viciously ignorant by coarse appeals.

REV. WILLIAM BLACK.

It is probably known to most of our readers—we are not sure, however, that we announced it—that this venerable man of God died last September in Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 74 years of age. Fifty-five years he was a preacher of the gospel.

Brother Black was the second Methodist preacher who ever visited Boston. During his stay many were converted to God, but as no organization was effected they principally united with other churches. These conversions, however, were the seeds of Methodism, which after being matured and nurtured by brother Lee, ultimately sprang up. A writer in the Advocate and Journal says

that since the period we have mentioned in Nova Scotia most of the time, occasionally visiting this country on business appointments. In all the missions he gave satisfaction. Wesleyan committee and to our friends. One of his amiable granddaughters, in a letter, says, "In the death of our beloved grandfather, we were not without hope. His end, indeed, he appeared to be ripening for glory before he was called to exchange worlds."

Poetry.

SAILOR'S HYMN.

BY MRS. L. H. BIGGINS.

When the parting bosom bleeds,
When our native shore recedes,
When the wild and faithless main
Takes us to her trust again,
Father! view a sailor's woe—
Guide us, whereso'er we go.

When the lonely watch we keep,
Silent, on the mighty deep,
While the boisterous surges hoarse,
Bear us daily on our course—
Eye that never slumbers! shed
Holy influence on our head.

When the Sabbath's peaceful ray,
O'er the ocean's breast doth play,
Though no throng assemble there,
No sweet church bell warns to pray,
Spirit! let thy presence be
Sabbath to the unresting sea.

When the raging billows dark,
Thundering tress our threatened bark,
Thou, who on the whirling wave,
Dost the weak disciple save—
Thou who hearest when we pray,
Jesus! Saviour! be our stay.

When in foreign lands we roam,
Far from kindred, far from home,
Stranger-eyes our conduct viewing,
Heathen bands our steps pursuing,
Let our conversation be,
Fitting those who follow Thee.

Should pale Death, with arrow dead,
Make the ocean eave our bed,
Though no eye of love might see
Where that shrouded grave shall be—
Christ! who hast' the surges roll,
Deign to save the sailor's soul.

Miscellaneous.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

NO. VIII.

DEAR SIR—My next objection to Universalism is, that it PERVERTS THE SCRIPTURES. Its advocates assert, for instance, that a valley near Jerusalem is always alluded to by the inspired writers, in those expressions which are understood by Christians to mean future punishment. They deny that the "Jews," or writers of the Old Testament knew any thing of a future state of punishment." On these assumed positions, they proceed to explain all those passages in the New Testament which inculcate the doctrine of the endless miseries of the wicked.

Josephus was a contemporary of the apostles, a priest of the Jews, and unquestionably the best profane historian of antiquity. In his address to the Greeks on Hades, he affirms that it was the belief of his countrymen, that Hades was a subterranean place in the centre of the earth, divided into two mansions: the right hand one, they called *Abraham's bosom*, where the souls of all good men are kept till the resurrection—that their enjoyments meanwhile consist in the contemplation of those things to be afterwards enjoyed beyond the end of time. This mansion is divided from another, by a *chaos* deep and large, which chasm is impassable by those in either mansion. The left hand apartment of Hades, he tells us, is reserved for the souls of the wicked—that this apartment is in the neighborhood of *hell* (*Gehenna*), so that the wicked are tormented by the hot vapor of the lake of fire, and punished partly, by the sight of the torments that await them on the one hand, and a view of the happiness of the righteous on the other. He also tells us that none had yet been cast into the lake of fire, but that punishment is reserved for the wicked after the resurrection, when they will be cast alive into it.

This fact proves the falsehood of their assertions in relation to the meaning of the words Hades, &c.; and that, when the Saviour and his apostles used these terms, they were understood to affirm them of a future state, and as they knew the opinions of their hearers on these points, they would have refuted instead of confirmed those opinions, had they designed to establish the doctrines of *no hell, no devil, no angry God*; which constitute such prominent features in Universalism.

Their assertion respecting the Valley of Hinnom being the place of the punishment of crimes, is contradicted by matter of fact. *Golgotha* appears to have been the place for executing criminals.

Their statement that "the Mosaic law doomed criminals for ten different crimes to be burned to death in the fire of Gehenna, or Valley of Hinnom;" is a fabrication of their own, without a shadow of truth to support it.

Having thus briefly shown that their premises are not proved, and incapable of being sustained, it follows that all interpretations of Scripture founded on those premises are false, and hence the arguments of these impostors amount to nothing. The Enquiries of Balfour, on which so much time has been bestowed, are predicated on the fact assumed, that these terms Hades, Sheol, and Gehenna, were understood of the grave, and the Valley of Hinnom; but instead of proving his premises, he assumes them in the face of opposing evidence.

From these considerations it is evident that the mode of interpretation they pursue is a perversion of the Holy Scriptures, weakening the confidence of their disciples in the truths of revelation, and paving the way to open infidelity. Well may the drunkard, the profane, the Sabbath breaker, embrace it.

ATHANASIUS.

Manchester, Ct., March 24, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
CALVINISM, NEW DIVINITY, ETC.

PART V.

REPLY TO THE NEW ENGLAND SPECTATOR.

MR. EDITOR—When I commenced writing these Numbers, I had no idea of entering the arena of controversy; and now I have no such design. I intended merely to make a few desultory observations on the doctrines, manner of preaching, procedure, &c. of the New Divines, according to the sources of information within my reach; having not so much as a thought of discussing the merits of any important question. When I wrote my last article, I did not intend to write any more on the subject; and my reason for resuming my pen is, to make a few explanations, and "substantiate" a few "assertions." It seems that the Editor of the New England Spectator has taken some exceptions to a part of what I have written, and calls imperiously on "ORTHODOXY to

substantiate his assertions, or publicly withdraw his accusations." I prefer to adopt the first alternative.

1. "That the New School Calvinists deny the doctrine of Total Depravity; that is, that all acts of a human being are sinful and only sinful, until divine grace interpose, is without the shadow of proof."

Now, Mr. Editor, I deny having made such an assertion as is specified in the above sentence. The Editor of the Spectator has given us a *New Divinity* definition of total depravity, then charges the language upon me, and insinuates that "Orthodoxy" denies that the New Divines believe thus and so.

My language was, "Calvinists of the old school believe in the doctrine of 'Original Sin' and 'Total Depravity'; those of the new do not." By this I meant to be understood, that they did not believe in total depravity, in the common acceptance of the term, or, as it is understood by most evangelical Christians. This I still aver; and this I think the Editor of the Spectator will not deny. If he does, then the burden of proof will fall on him, and not on me. New Divines believe in total depravity—but how? They do not allow that there is a "fountain of evil" in the heart of man—that his nature is corrupted, or that he is afflicted with any moral taint, prior to the years of accountability. In what, then, does total depravity (on this scheme) consist? Why, in irresponsible voluntary acts of the mind. Take the following as proof:

"I do not believe that the nature of the human mind, which God creates, is itself sinful; or that God punishes men for the nature which he creates; or that sin pertains to any thing in the mind which precedes all conscious mental exercise or action, and which is neither a matter of conscience nor of knowledge!"—Dr. Taylor's *Letter to Dr. Haves*.

"The position that sin consists in voluntary and intelligent action, and not in something distinct from the will, was maintained by Dr. Taylor, in the Christian Spectator for 1833, and in his 'Concio ad Clerum,' &c. 'Native depravity,' then, in his view, is actual transgression from the womb; and the notion of any other kind of depravity than what is seated in the will, is entirely discarded."—See *Christian Spectator* for 1833, Vol. V. No. 4, Art. IX.

This last sentence is not spoken of Dr. Taylor, but of another writer; yet in sentiment they perfectly harmonize. I make no comments on the above extracts—they need none from me. Those who read may judge for themselves.

2. "The other assertion, that the New School believe that regeneration is an act of the will and the work of the creature, (without the work of the Holy Ghost wrought in the heart (a charge amounting to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost), is not entitled to so mild an appellation as that of misrepresentation. If the writer knows any thing about the subject, he knows it is false."

Every man who engages in the discussion of important theological points, is in some sense responsible for the language he uses, and the ultimate and legitimate consequences of the system which he advocates. This rule, when applied to the advocates of the New Haven theology, throws them into rather a curious predicament. They make use of very ambiguous language. Sometimes they speak of the Holy Ghost and the Spirit's influence, and one would almost think while reading the sentence, that they were perfectly orthodox. But before he has finished the page or chapter, he finds something which seems plainly to contradict what he has just read. Therefore it would be no wonder if consequences are charged upon this system, from which a pious heart would revolt with the utmost horror. I am charged with falsehood, because I said that the New Divines "regeneration is an act of the will and the work of the creature." By the phrase, "work of the creature," I would be understood thus: If regeneration is an act of the will, then, it is the work of the creature. The first part of the charge, however, that "the New Divines hold that regeneration is an act of the will, or voluntary action of the mind, in view of certain motives," I still allege, and will endeavor to prove.

A writer in the 4th No. of the Christian Spectator, for 1833, while speaking of regeneration, expressly says—"There certainly (in our judgment) is a better view of this subject prevailing among Christians than there used to be; there is a more direct and unembarrassed inculcation of the great duty of the sinner's giving his heart to God without delay, than there formerly was, and on the single ground that it is an act of the will and choice, and nothing else." So says Mr. Finney, in his 17th Lecture on Revivals. "Conversion is yielding to truth. Does God say, 'Pray for a new heart?' Never. He says, 'Make you a new heart.' And the sinner must not be told to pray God to do his duty for him, but to go and do it himself." Those who read, may judge whether I am guilty of falsehood or not. That very many of the New Divines are ardently pious, I doubt not. I pray God to correct their hearts, and bless their hearts, and make them instrumental of great good.

ORTHODOXY.

W—Id, March 30, 1835.

[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

THE ORATOR.

Some time ago, I was travelling in county, and about sunset stopped at a very respectable looking tavern. The next morning, being Sunday, I told the landlord that my conscience did not permit me to travel on the Sabbath, and I inquired for the nearest place of evangelical worship. He told me that his family usually attended the church of the Rev. Mr. B—, and politely invited me to accompany him. I accordingly went, in company with the landlord and his family, to hear the Rev. Mr. B. His church was a neat stone building, on a high and unenclosed moor or plain.

The Rev. Mr. B. was tall and well made. He stood erect, and yet in his manly port there was no stiffness or awkwardness of manner. His head was nearly bald, but this was almost the only circumstance that indicated the advances of age. There was about him a loftiness of bearing, an independence of air, alienated from every thing of pride and hauteur, that reminded the spectator of Henry Clay, the orator of the American Senate. His articulation was correct and distinct, and particularly so of the consonant sounds. He commenced slowly, and it was evident that his sermon was extemporaneous, and not committed to memory. His manner was perfectly natural. There was little of the declaiming manner, at the same time that there was nothing that savored of vulgarity. At times, his oratory appeared like the colloquial style of a father, reasoning and remonstrating in his parlor with his children; at other times, he rose in dignity as the subject demanded, and assumed the sternness of the prophet of God, when he unmasked the hypocrisy and the turpitude of the royal sinner, and said to him, "Thou art the man!"

Had it been his lot to have been placed at the head of his country's armies, his firm countenance would have inspired his soldiers with confidence, and have struck terror to the hearts of his foes. But his was the nobler office to fight the battles of his Lord and Master, and like the valiant *Great Heart*, the champion of the pilgrims, to protect and guide the children of God, and contend against the embattled legions of the prince of darkness.

Sometimes, impressed with the loftiness of the theme, he spoke of heaven, and in the most sublime manner, pictured its felicities and its glories; so that the desire of the Psalmist must have filled every heart—"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!" The interest in his preaching was kept up until the close—there was no flagging of attention, no disposition to drowsiness, no wandering of looks, on the part of the auditory; but the countenances of the hearers assumed an increasing solemnity of appearance, and, hushed in breathless admiration, they hung upon the animated speaker.

He sometimes leaned over the pulpit, and reasoned with the sinner, in such a practical manner, as brought the truth home to the heart, and convinced all, that like his master, "he spake as one having authority." His denunciations were so pointed, his allusions to the sins and the state of feeling of his hearers were so direct, that like the ancient Parthian archer, there was not an arrow that he took from his quiver, but told on its devoted victim.

It might probably be said, that had the lot of the Rev. Mr. B. been, more early in life, cast in some of our great cities, the necessary connection between him and the learned, and the frequent appearance before those who are no mean judges in oratory, would have improved and polished his eloquence. But to the lovers of the natural, this would have been a deteriorating change. We love to see the noble stream, now rushing down a cataract, and anon checking its impetuous waves amid its widening banks; but we soon grow sated with the regularly flowing waters of the artificial canal. The *guerilla*, who fought from the fastnesses of his native Arragon or Castile, and who terrified the soul of the invading Gaul, when forced to endure the discipline of the camp, and to combat according to the rules of the tactics, became nerveless and inefficient. After hearing him preach, the auditor might well be astonished, that his eloquence and his masterly pulpit talents have not been more generally known and appreciated; and that he has not obtained, what are so justly his due, the highest honors of the Church, whose peculiar felicity it is to claim him as her son.

WEDDING STORY.

The writer was lately at a wedding, and heard the following good story:—

In the Palatinate of Germany, there lived a fine young fellow, an only son of a rich nobleman. He paid his addresses to an only daughter of a gentleman quite as rich as his father. In every particular, the young couple seemed a suitable match. When all due arrangements were adjusted between the parties, the young nobleman politely addressed the damsel's father, and requested his daughter in marriage. The old gentleman instantly refused, to the no small chagrin of the young man. "But why is this denial?" what can induce you to withhold your daughter?" says the young fellow. "I am," said the father, "resolved never to marry my daughter to any man whatever, who has no trade." "My fortune is sufficient to support your daughter and myself, and if that is not sufficient, surely your daughter's patrimony will amply supply the lack," replied the suitor. "Our country is liable to be overrun with war," rejoined the old man, "and property is very insecure. I cannot give my daughter to any but a mechanic." "How long," says the young man, "will you retain your daughter for me to learn a trade?" "As long as you please," replied the father.

The young man apprenticed himself immediately, to a basket maker, and in six months returned with perfect specimens of his skill. The nuptials were celebrated.

But now is seen the sagacity of the old man's advice. A short season only elapsed, when war devastated the country, the property of both families failed, and the young man supported in style, both his own and father-in-law's family by his trade.

GOVERNOR GALUSHA.

Some of the papers have lately announced the death of Gov. Galusha of Vermont, at the advanced age of 83 years. It reminded me of a speech he made, several years ago, at the formation of a Temperance Society at Shaftsbury, Vermont. It breathed forth the genuine spirit of 1776, and was worthy a commander of the Green Mountain Boys; he said, "I am now more than 70 years of age; you all know my state of health: I have been trying an experiment for two or three months past, in abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, which affords me much relief from the great distress I at times experience—my suffering has been great, but less than I feared. In the war of the revolution, I commanded a company of militia in this State. At the approach of the enemy to Bennington, I had just recovered from a fever that had confined me to my bed for many days. I had not then left my room; the alarm was given, and the militia called out; and I, in opposition to the entreaties and expostulations of my friends, marched at the head of my company for Bennington. In our march we had to ford a river, and a strong soldier shouldered me, and carried me over on his back. We met the enemy; fought, conquered, and returned in safety to our families. I thus put my life in jeopardy, to aid in saving my country, and I am willing to do it again. An enemy, more powerful and subtle than the British, is destroying our firesides, and trampling, with iron hoofs, the fairest portions of our land. I present myself to join your ranks in this war of extermination, and enlist under your banner, bearing the motto, 'Total abstinence.' This step will, no doubt, shorten my days. Be it so: I stand ready to sacrifice my life in the cause; and I freely subscribe your pledge, totally and forever to abstain from the use of ardent spirits." He was truly a patriot: although he believed that, in his peculiar case, ardent spirits might be necessary, yet, because the use of it destroyed so many thousands in our beloved country, he resolved that he would fall a martyr in the cause of Temperance, rather than, by his example, others should be induced to touch the accursed thing. However, the old veteran, instead of being injured by his resolution, was benefited; his health became better, and he lived to a very advanced age. What blessed results would follow, if every man, woman, and child, in this land of freedom, would imitate the example of this venerable patriot, who,

when he was old and gray-headed, came forward in this war of independence from Alcohol, and, as he supposed, risked his life for the welfare and happiness of his country. Let every head of a family ask himself, whether it is not a duty to set an example of total abstinence from ardent spirits to his family. It may be doubted, whether the father of any family, in the Union, can truly say, "None of my connections have ever been drunkards." If every family in the land that has been deprived of members by DISTILLED DAMNATION, was clothed in the habiliments of mourning, not an individual could be found who was not clothed with mourning garments. What a fact, if true, and true I believe it is. The aim of the temperance effort is to enable all to say, "whatever has been, there no longer is, among my connections a single drunkard."—Heads of families, with these efforts; hasten to sign the temperance pledge yourselves, so that you may induce your children and others to do the same; banish ardent spirits and intoxicating drinks, of every kind, from your families. Your example is powerful with your children and domestics; do not make the impression upon them that intoxicating drinks are necessary. You may say, I have drunk a little each day for twenty years, and I have not become a drunkard. It may be so, but your children, by following your example, may be ruined in half the time; perhaps some of them have already found a drunkard's grave. Let each head of a family feel and act as he should on this subject, and few fathers or mothers will hereafter mourn over hopes blasted by the intemperance of a son or daughter; and let every patriot and friend of his country, follow the example of the venerable Gov. Galusha, and all will be well."—Norristown, Pa. Free Press.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

The particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers.

In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling, and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual preface prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, least his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in his pulpit. Accordingly they had not listened long to the discourse, when, one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder, in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren,"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is about to address you, listen to him!"—*Edinburgh Journal*.

[From the Episcopal Recorder.]

THE POPULAR PREACHER.

Some few months ago, I had occasion to make a journey to one of our northern cities, and having heard that a kinsman and college mate, Willoughby, had been called from a flourishing and spiritual congregation in the country, to one of the large churches of that city, I resolved to go to hear him preach. Having ascertained that he was to fill the pulpit on Sunday evening, I accordingly attended. The church was large and splendid. I obtained a seat as near to Willoughby as I could. He had lost the freshness of complexion he possessed in the country; he was thin and wan. His eyes were sunken; time had thinned the flowing honors of his head; and time, and probably in a still greater degree, care, had furrowed his head with deep indentations. I could not help being surprised when he pronounced his text. His voice appeared changed. Whether he had fallen into the fashionable pronunciation among orators, or whether he conceived it to be more consonant with the dignity of the pulpit to assume a moulting delivery, his announcement of the text, and of the exordium, was different from the artless style which had marked his earlier mode of preaching. There was too much attempt at effect; too much display of self; too much consciousness of what was expected of him; too great a desire to please the fastidious and fashionable part of the congregation. His tones and pauses were no doubt *secundum artem*, but I could not avoid regretting that he did not follow the simple method which had been so blessed by the Lord at Shennstone.

After being some time attracted by his delivery, I adverted with much interest to the matter of his discourse. His sermon was not extemporaneous, as were his former sermons—it was written. And I was sorry to observe, that there was not that same depth of thought, that fund of evangelical matter, that copious dwelling on the doctrines of grace, for which, some years previous, his praise was in all the churches. His emphasis was more correct; his intonations were more judicious; his readings more rhetorical; but at times there would be discovered a studious desire to please, an attention to style excessive and uncalled for, which had a tendency to obstruct the religious emotions of the devout, and, indeed, to give an air of stiffness to his whole manner. His sermons evidently had too much ornament; there was too great an ex-

uberance of metaphor, and seemed to have been written in haste, and with a dependence on past stores, instead of being fraught with treasures freshly drawn from the rich mine of Scriptural lore.

The next day I determined to pay him a friendly visit. I rang the bell about the middle of the afternoon. I was ushered into a parlor by a servant, who informed me Willoughby was lying down. I could not help shaking my head, when surveying the gay furniture which graced his parlor. "Things were not thus at Shennstone," thought I.

Willoughby came down. His manner at first was cold and reserved.

"You appear, cousin Willoughby, in more infirm health than when I saw you last."

"I am not so well, indeed," said he, "but I intend to go to the Springs, where I hope I shall be recruited."

"Your congregation, I presume is flourishing in experimental religion?"

"Indeed, sir," answered he, "I cannot say a great deal on that score."

"Have you prayer meetings here, as you were accustomed to have at Shennstone?"

"To tell you the plain truth, I have not. At first I spoke about them to some of my vestry, but they would not listen to it. They said the former rector had attempted them, but was forced to decline them for fear of censure. I believe," continued he, "some of our pious laymen have a prayer meeting at some private house, but—I have never visited it."

"If you will excuse your old and plain dealing friend," said I, after a long pause, "I will avail myself of the liberty which your relationship and acquaintance give me, of remarking that your sermon, which I heard last evening, was not of the heart-searching, faithful kind, for which your discourses at Shennstone were so much esteemed.—Pardon me, when I say I hope, I do hope, you are not guilty of that sin against which you used to warn your hearers—spiritual declension."

"John," said Willoughby, "you are too severe—too censorious. You do not know how much I have to contend with. Shortly after I came here, my vestry intimated to me, that my preaching was too strict. I must, you know I must, satisfy the officers of the church. The establishment which I have set out in town has drained all my finances. What could I do, should my vestry withdraw or diminish my salary? Dig, I cannot; to beg, I am ashamed."

"What could you do?" answered I. "Do as you preached to others at Shennstone. Do the Lord's work, unmindful of consequences. Cast all your care upon the Lord, and he will care for you. Be true to him, and he will be true to you."

"Cousin John," replied he, with emotion, "you are too rigid, you expect too much of poor human nature. Indeed, you have no conception of the burdens and trials of a city preacher. I had hoped to please my large congregation. I took the greatest pains with my preparations, but I fear I have not entirely succeeded. In this drawer," said he, opening a drawer of a scrutoire, "are some anonymous letters which poisoned my tranquillity. In some I am accused of being a Calvinist, and threatened with the loss of part of my congregation. In others I am accused of being too theatrical. In others I am charged of being too popular."

"Humph," thought I to myself, "this is being a popular preacher with a vengeance!"

He handed me a package of letters: I glanced over one and read a few lines:—

"Rev. Sir: I thought I perceived from your sermon last Sunday morning, that you levelled your censures particularly at me and my family. Your personal allusions, sir."

"Pshaw! Willoughby," said I, "burn these silly letters, and think no more of them. Be a man, be a Christian, be yourself again. 'Be just,' in the true and Roman sense of the term; 'be just, and fear not.' You are popular, use your popularity to glorify God, not to gratify self."

"Popular!" said Willoughby, "don't mention it. It cuts me to the heart. In the country I was not so popular, but I was happy in God. I was beloved: I was doing effective, lasting good. I had much physical labor. I rode much on horseback, but my fatigue invigorated my system.—There I was not called upon for so much mental exertion. Here my mind cannot follow. I am incessantly called on for duties. If, as you say, I am popular, I have purchased my popularity at a dear rate. When I think of my retirement at Shennstone, my sweet religious exercises, my literary leisure, and my freedom from envy and reproach, I say, almost in the language of *Hasson*, the wandering camel-driver, 'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day, When first from Shennstone's plains I bent my way.'"

"Willoughby," thought I to myself, as I walked slowly from his door, "Willoughby is a fallen man. Poor fellow! how zealous and lively he once was, and now how formal, how lukewarm! How pitiable his state in the eyes of the truly pious! If this be popularity—if to gain popularity be to sacrifice independence—to abate the holy ardor with which the youthful preacher sets out in his labor of love—to be a sycophant, and to humor the caprices of the fashionable multitude—may the greater company of preachers, who are panting to enter upon the spiritual stadium, and run their destined career, be saved from such precarious, such dark bought fame,—from a popularity that so jeopardizes their present usefulness, and their everlasting well-being!"

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF MASSACHUSETTS.—History of Massachusetts, for two hundred years, from the year 1620 to 1820—by Alden Bradford. For sale by RUSSELL, ORRINE & CO., 121 Washington Street. March 11.

WESLEYAN HARP.

THE Second Edition of this valuable Compilation is published and one thousand copies already sold. It may be had in any quantity of the Publisher, or of D. H. ELA, at No. 19 Washington street, and at the Bookstores.

TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.
2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.
3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.
4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.
5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.
We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistakes.



Published

Vol. VI. No. 16.

ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR.,

ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF

David H. Ela, Printer

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

MR. EDITOR—I am sorry to note, that Mr. Editor, and his friends for him, pervert the property of his course, in respect to his Temperance Address. I feel, after a fair review of the substance, justified in that course, and if he personal reflections which have been the paper, of which he is a principal reference to my disclaimer, I can not view the subject as I view it, and do whose opinions I have heard and reject. Mr. Storrs may rest assured, that Christian regards towards him are because I believe the error the effect, which, however, is not according to the offence of so high a character to have been attributed to it by some periodicals. He did not say that the sentiments were mine. It is true, those were my sentiments on abolition, would, claimed it, naturally have supposed to such a use of my composition, or did not inform the public that I had it; nor yet, that I was not a moderate did not, however, in my reply, accusing to represent me as an abolitionist, see that design attributed to him. Well, to believe he would knowingly opinions of another, or take what improper means to propagate him. And I thought I knew him well enough, that, when his attention was recalled proper in itself, he would see it and was mistaken in this, I have no more point—the public have my views.

Wesleyan University, April 9, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

REPLY TO DR. FISKE.

NO. II.

MR. EDITOR—Though I am still that Dr. Fisk's attack upon me is altogether, inasmuch as I have an opponent, immediate eye, and one who, according to the saying, "is simply able to do justice" and "who has already favorably influenced the readers of the Herald;" yet, I have your giving me as many opponents as you will allow me the power in my own defence.

It may be proper for me to remark that there is nothing personal between myself, so far as I know; nothing but a love of truth, and a desire to establish love. I have been indebted with that gentleman for a number of years with him at eleven annual Conferences, ever been conscious of any other feeling than that of respect which which emanates from a Christian's fraternal love. And though I do not count infallible, yet I still love and respect him.

The obvious design of brother Fisk's I find in the Herald of the first issue just come to hand, is to counteract the Liberator, Zion's Herald Extra, measures in general. If these measures they may be overthrown; if they will stand. It is no particular to support anti-slavery principles, or Fisk, or any other man. I am my course is unpopular, but I am in the path of duty. It is a belief I advocate are the principles of religion, that has induced me to the end and influence I have into the scene. And up to the present moment, I regret the course I have taken. I have any points but such as are founded on religion. I am entirely willing that all other colonizationists should see us have all the light we can get. business in this discussion. I feel the influence of the one hundred orator. I hope and trust the preacher after reading them, and Dr. Fisk's for themselves and act understandingly.

Dr. Fisk says that the passage which the Liberator, "is a fair specimen editor." But how does he know has he ever read in the Liberator? not take it, for he says "by the police from which he quotes," "by the police his communication contains the name of Stewart, and Charles W. Denison, not improve this good opportunity of defence, to give us some of the colonizationism, in the treatment rendered from the members of the society?

Colonizationists are remarkable discern bad spirits; and also to quenchers" before the causes which set. I think if this new method nature of effects before the cause them exist, is well founded, the plan and Newton must fail. For "the Bacon, and successfully followed trace facts up to first principles; first principles, and from these in these great men we are taught to wisdom, the result of speculative nature, and the God of grace."